

San Pedro Song of the Factory

Summer sparkle curve.

The night arc panoramic.

Windows wrap quartz to coastal Pacific storm, her darling song has a starlight edges here and there, over sea. Modular artist through albums she's made, her "Song of the Factory" a holiday paint dappling car insides in colors warm and sorta scissor-snipped, and no question it's all from joy.

Yeah, her voice a math-peppered angle from dash to door, oddly beamed in old school magnetics and Maxell shiny chrome. High Bias, in fact.

Coffee great tonight, by the way, while crossing major cold roads deserted in LA after half my calendar with San Pedro locations for CBS on a "super show" (one supposes). Voyage now surreal on freeway, far faster than legal, and empty, and profound melodic genius of her musical stuff via dashboard Nakamichi, this ultra-cool Go-Go's chick with talent rather like mega-Star Trek with gourmet vanilla beans. And fire.

Of course she *was* in Star Trek '86, with whales and lightning and shattered glass.

And of course, it's Jane Wiedlin. There and now.

Perfect.

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Dark outside. World of August and ocean beyonde, and parallel striped acetylene going neon soaked gold. Kinda. And no doubt with delicious deep tunes, Jane's beacon and legend and Kadupul cloaked memory, to never forget.

At 2AM+ and forward.

End.